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# ZIP COMICS

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**MLJ**  
MAGAZINE





# WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM

# Triple

# INDEMNITY LIFE INSURANCE

POLICY PAYS MAXIMUM BENEFITS

# \$3,000.00

costs only \$1 a month

**LOOK  
AHEAD!**

## BE WISE—BE CONSIDERATE!

Don't condemn those you love to struggle and hardship when you pass on! Foresight may prevent heartbreak and suffering, so *be wise* . . . PREPARE NOW to assure the comfort and well-being of those near and dear to you! You may do so easily and economically with a TRIPLE INDEMNITY LIFE INSURANCE POLICY, reliably backed by strong Legal Reserves. *Be wise! Look ahead!*

## ONLY A FEW PENNIES A DAY MAY EASE THE BURDEN FOR YOUR LOVED ONES!

A difficult readjustment period often follows the loss of a loved one. It is even harder when finances are uncertain. But a dependable TRIPLE INDEMNITY Policy can be a vital help in such time of distress with CASH Benefits of as much as \$3,000.00! Yet, this remarkable protection costs only \$1 a month—*just a few pennies a day!*

## NO RED TAPE!

The Pioneer TRIPLE INDEMNITY Policy is surprisingly easy to own! All persons in good health between the ages of 1 day and 70 years are eligible to make application. NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION. All business is done by mail. No Agent will call . . . No Collectors.

## FREE INSPECTION!

See for yourself the very generous Benefits provided by this Policy! During the 10 day FREE Inspection period, you are privileged to give the actual Policy a thorough, careful examination before making your final decision.

## SEND NO MONEY!

You are requested not to send a single penny at this time. Just be sure to mail the coupon or write for FREE Information. Tomorrow may be too late—**WRITE TODAY!**

**PIONEER LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**  
8190 Times Building • Rockford, Illinois

## 5-POINT PROTECTION

Pays for  
**LOSS of LIFE**

Due to

- 1—Natural Causes . . . . .
- 2—All Sicknesses . . . . .
- 3—Ordinary Accidents . . . . .
- 4—Auto Accidents . . . . .
- 5—Travel Accidents . . . . .

## NO OCCUPATIONAL RESTRICTIONS!

*The Pioneer TRIPLE INDEMNITY Policy places no restrictions on the occupation of a Policyholder. Persons engaged in any legitimate and usual means of earning a living, as well as housewives and children, are eligible. In addition, there are no restrictions on where you may live, and you may travel wherever you wish, according to the terms of the policy!*

## NOT CONTESTABLE!

TRIPLE INDEMNITY Policy contains valuable In-contestability Clause. Be sure to learn about this protection! Send for your FREE Information NOW!

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PIONEER LIFE INSURANCE CO.  
8190 Times Bldg., Rockford, Ill.

Please send me FREE Information on your Triple Indemnity Policy.

NAME .....

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CITY & STATE .....

*Fill in coupon. Clip and paste to  
Postal Card or mail in envelope.*

# STEEL STERLING

in  
*The Space that  
Wasn't There*



STICK AROUND,  
CLANCY, YOU  
NEVER CAN  
TELL!

NO, YOU NEVER  
CAN TELL! WHEN  
SCIENCE GETS BUSY,  
YOU NEVER KNOW  
WHAT MAY RESULT!  
AIRPLANES AND  
RADIO HAVE  
CONQUERED SPACE  
BY CROSSING IT  
MORE RAPIDLY, BUT  
THE END IS NOT YET  
IN SIGHT!

THAT'S WHAT  
**STEEL STERLING**  
DISCOVERED AS HE  
DASHED BOLDLY INTO  
NOTHINGNESS IN  
THE FANTASTIC  
ADVENTURE OF  
**THE SPACE THAT  
WASN'T THERE.**

NEED  
ANY  
HELP,  
STEEL?



OUR STORY OPENS ON A BALMY DAY WITH THE BIRDS CHIRPING MERRILY...



AND SO DOES PATROLMAN CLANCY, AS HE PATROLS HIS BEAT.



SUDDENLY...






THIS GUN PROJECTS A POWERFUL RAY, THAT AFFECTS THE AIR IN ANY SUBSTANCE! I CAN FOCUS TO ANY SIZE I LIKE, SO THAT I CAN CONTRACT SPACE OR MAKE IT DISAPPEAR ALTOGETHER!



WELL, YOU GAVE ME QUITE A SPILL, MIND IF I SIT DOWN?

WAIT! DON'T SIT IN THAT CHAIR!




ULP! YA REALLY DID IT, DIDN'T YA? CAN YA MAKE IT GROW UP AGAIN?



CERTAINLY! THIS KEY MAKES MY SPACE ADJUSTER WORK IN REVERSE! LOOK!

THE DEMONSTRATION IS INTERRUPTED BY PROF. HECTOR'S ASSISTANT...



PHONE FOR YOU IN HERE, PROFESSOR! HELLO, CLANCY!




HI, WESTON, WELL, I GOTTA BE RUNNING ALONG!

CLANCY HURRIES TO THE APARTMENT OF HIS FRIEND, STEEL STERLING...




DINNER'S WAITING, CLANCY! WHAT KEPT YOU?

AW, I JUST HAD A CHAT WITH PROFESSOR HECTOR! HE'S INVENTED A NEW GADGET HE WANTED TO SHOW ME!



IT'S A GUN, THAT MAKES THINGS CHANGE SIZE! HE CALLS IT A SPACE ADJUSTER...



SAY! THAT SOUNDS LIKE IT MIGHT BE A PRETTY DANGEROUS WEAPON, IF IT FELL INTO THE WRONG HANDS! LET'S DROP IN ON YOUR PROFESSOR FRIEND!

A SHORT WHILE LATER THE PAIR STROLL TO HECTOR'S LAB..

I SEE HE'S STILL WORKING!

YEAH, SOMETIMES HE KEEPS GOING ALL NIGHT!

STEEL AND CLANCY ENTER STARTLED.

HOLY MACKERAL! THE PROFESSOR'S BEEN MURDERED!

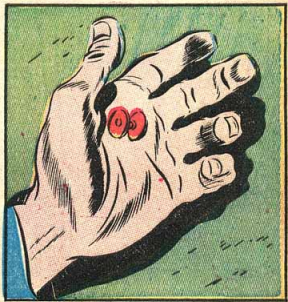
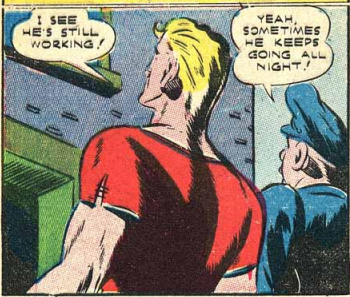
IT'S JUST HAPPENED.. THE KILLER CAN'T HAVE GONE FAR!

LOOK, STEEL, HE'S GOT SOMETHING IN HIS HAND!

THE PROFESSOR'S STILL WARM! THAT MEANS, THE KILLER CAN'T BE FAR AWAY! SAY CLANCY, AM I CRAZY, OR....

GREAT SCOTT! THE DOOR IS SHRINKING ALL RIGHT!

C'MON WE'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE, BEFORE HE SHRINKS THE WHOLE HOUSE ON US, AN CRUSHES US TO DEATH!





I WAS RIGHT! LOOK AT THE HOUSE NOW, CLANCY!

HOLY MACKERAL! HE'S CHANGED IT INTO A DOLL'S HOUSE!!



WHAT'S THAT?



IT'S WESTON, HEKTOR'S ASSISTANT!

HE'S BEEN SLUGGED!

WHERE AM I?!



I HEARD SOMETHING... RAN OUT HERE... GOT HIT ON THE HEAD!

DID YOU SEE WHO... SAY...



THAT CUFF LINK... LIKE THE ONE IN HEKTOR'S HAND!



AND THE OTHER ONE IS MISSING!! SO, YOU KILLED HEKTOR



ALL RIGHT! NOW YOU KNOW! I DID IT, AND I'LL KILL YOU TOO!







WHAT'S UP CLANCY?

PROFESSOR HECTOR WUZ MURDERED SARGE! YA SEE, HE INVENTED SOMETHIN' THAT COULD MAKE NOTHIN' AN...



SOMETHIN' THAT COULD MAKE NOTHIN'? .. HAVE YOU BEEN DRINKIN'; CLANCY?



B.. BUT HE DID, SARGE, HONEST! NO KIDDIN'! THIS INVENTION COULD EVEN MAKE SOMETHIN' OUT A NOTHIN'.. UH... I MEAN..



SURE! SURE! IT'S ALL VERY CLEAR NOW! TAKE IT EASY, CLANCY! I'LL GET YOU A DOCTOR!

I'M NOT NUTS, SARGE! IT'S THE TRUTH! NOW, LOOK!...



HELP! POLICE! MY PAYROLL'S GONE! DISAPPEARED INTO THIN AIR!!



FIRST I HAD IT! THEN, I DIDN'T! IT KEPT GETTING SMALLER, AND SMALLER... AND I COULDN'T STOP IT.. \$25,000 VANISHED INTO THIN AIR!



OOOO... ANOTHER ONE! IF THIS KEEPS UP I'LL GO NUTS!

WAIT A MINUTE, SARGE! I KNOW WHAT THIS GUY'S TALKING ABOUT.. EVEN IF YOU DON'T!



NOW, PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER, MISTER! TELL ME WHERE THIS HAPPENED, AND HOW LONG AGO?

I WAS DRIVING TO MY DEFENSE PLANT IN LAKEVILLE ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES AGO, THEN A FLASHY KIND OF LIGHT CAME INTO MY CAR! AND SO HELP ME, MY PAYROLL VALENTINE STARTED SHRINKING, RIGHT IN FRONT OF MY EYES!



SECONDS LATER THE ZIPPING FORM OF THE MAN OF STEEL FLASHES TOWARDS LAKEVILLE...

WESTON'S WASTING NO TIME MAKING USE OF THAT SPACE RAY!



LAKEVILLE 4 MI.

WHAT TH.. LAKEVILLE CAN'T BE BOTH 4 MILES AND 2 MILES FROM HERE!



I GET IT! HE'S SHRUNK THIS ROAD! THAT MEANS HE'S STILL OPERATING IN THIS VICINITY! AND I'M GOING TO FIND HIM!



AT THAT MOMENT, IN AN ABANDONED HOUSE IN THE SUBURBS OF LAKEVILLE....

NOT A BAD HAUL, FOR A FIRST TRY!



...AND THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING! WITH THIS RAY, THE WORLD IS MINE!



I'LL SHOW THEM, I'M INVINCIBLE! I CAN TAKE ANYTHING I LIKE!! ANYTHING!





AHA! I'LL TRY MY RAY ON THAT BOY! IT SHOULD BE AMUSING!



JIMINY! AM I GETTIN' SICK IN THE HEAD, OR IS MY BAT GROWIN'?



HA, HA, HA! LOOK AT HIM RUN! HE'S TERRIFIED!

YEE OOWW... IT IS, HELP, HELP!



I HEARD THAT BOY'S SCREAMING, WESTON!

YOU, AGAIN?



I'LL FIX YOU NOW, STERLING! I'LL SHRINK YOU INTO NOTHINGNESS!



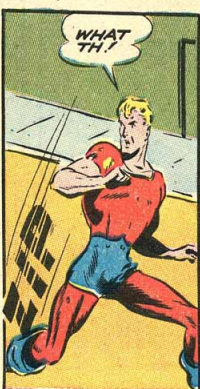
YOU'LL HAVE TO HIT ME FIRST, WESTON!

STAND STILL, CURSE YOU!



NOW, YOU'RE COMING ALONG WITH ME!

LET ME GO, CONFOUND YOU, OR...



# Señor BANANA

BY  
SAHLEY  
STAVES  
GOGGIN

SEÑOR BANANA, AND HIS PAL, SEÑOR STENCHO ALMOST LOST THEIR LIVES! LOST ALL THEIR MONEY! STARVED, BROKE BOTH THEIR LEGS, AND NEARLY WENT BLIND! BUT THE WORST WAS YET TO COME! STENCHO'S WIFE CAUGHT UP WITH THEM!







.. ONE DONKEY! EET ESS YOURS! EENCLUDING SALES TAX!!



EET WE DO THEESE WE WEEL HAVE TO WALK!

BUT WE'LL GAT REECH WEETH THEESE RUBBER!

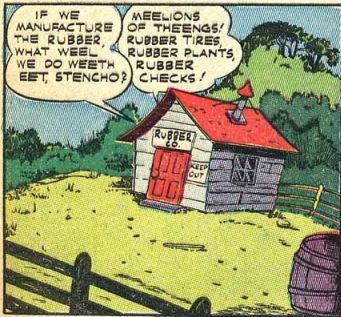
HEH! HEH! EET ONLY WORKS, WHEN YOU PUT RUBBER BENTO THE POT!



SO THEY SWAPPED!

HURRY, WEETH THE WEEDS, BANANA! WE MUST WORK HARD AND FAST!!

DEED YOU SAY, WE MUST WORK, STENCHO?



IF WE MANUFACTURE THE RUBBER, WHAT WEEL WE DO WEETH EET, STENCHO?

MEELIONS OF THEENGs! RUBBER TIRES, RUBBER PLANTS, RUBBER CHECKS!



THAT'S FUNNY! NO RUBBER!

YOU THEENK WE WERE GYPED, STENCHO?



BUT WE HAD SOOCH AN HONEST FACE! OR COULD BE WE HAVE SOOCH DUMB ONES!

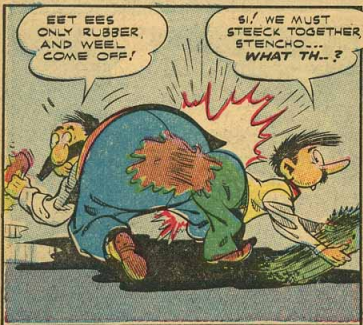
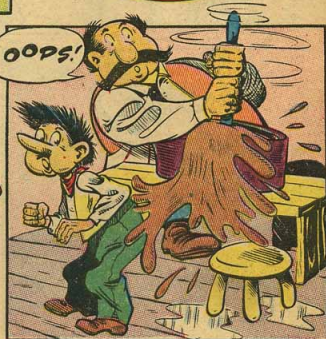
MAYBE WE DEED NOT PUT EEN ENOUGH OF THE WEED, AMIGO!



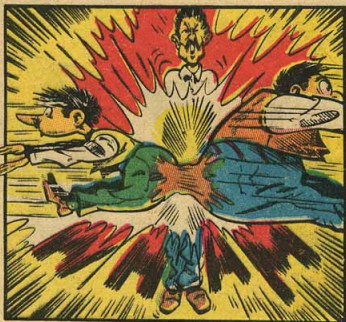
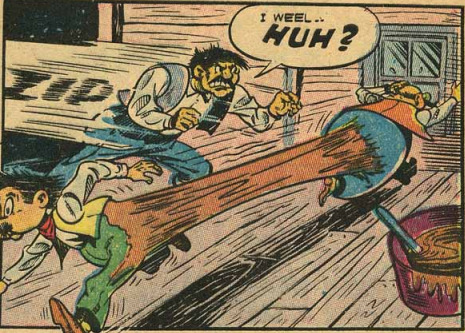
(PUFF) I NEVAIR THOUGHT EET WOULD BE SO HARD TO FIND WEEDS!

DO NOT WEAKEN, NOW BANANA! I HAVE THE PEELING. THEES TIME WE SHALL SUCCEED!



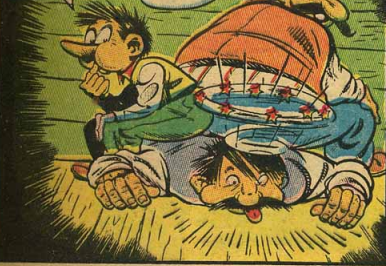


SO, YOU STEEL MY  
LEETLE KEEDS FEETSBALL,  
EH! I WEEL TEAR  
YOU APART!



AT LEAST OUR  
EENVENTION EES  
SUCCESSFUL!

THE GUY, WHO  
GAVE EET TO US  
EES OUTSIDE  
NOW!



HMM... SO THEY  
DEED DEESCOVER  
RUBBER, AFTER  
ALL!

'DIE EEN THE  
SKY... AWRK!  
'DIE EEN  
THE SKY!!'





# THE BLACK HOOD

WANTS YOU TO TUNE IN ON THE WOR  
MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM--



**THE BLACK HOOD** IS ON THE AIR EVERY DAY, MONDAY TO FRIDAY ON THE W.O.R. MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM! CONSULT YOUR NEWSPAPER FOR THE TIME... **AND TUNE IN!** A TWIST OF THE DIAL... AND YOU'RE ON THE HIGH ROAD TO THRILLS! SHAKES AND QUAKES! CREEPS AND SHRIEKS... WITH THE GREATEST CRIME FIGHTER OF THEM ALL... **THE BLACK HOOD!** WRITE TO THE BLACK HOOD, W.O.R., N.Y.C. HE'LL BE VERY GLAD TO HEAR FROM YOU! AND REMEMBER, WHEN YOU'RE READING AN **M.L.J.** PUBLICATION... YOU'RE READING THE **BEST** COMIC MAGAZINE MONEY CAN BUY!! ADDRESS YOUR LETTER TO **THE BLACK HOOD STATION W.O.R., N.Y.C. N.Y.**

# the SLAP HAPPY APPLE JACKS

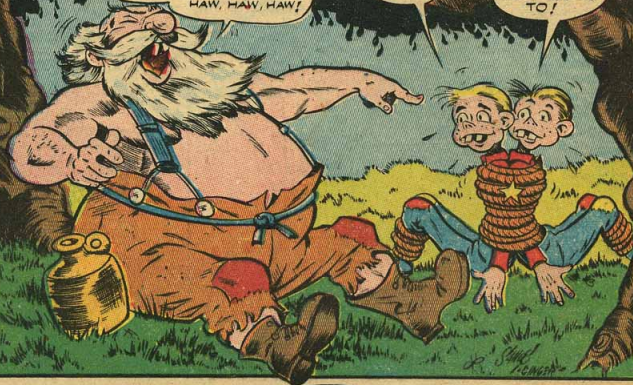


**HAW·HAW·HAW**

SO YO' IS THE REVENOORS  
WHAT COME T' CAPTURE ME  
AN' COLLEC' A REWARD?  
HAW, HAW, HAW!

GULP! THAT'S  
RIGHT, WILD  
MOUNTAIN  
BILL!

YO' IS OUR  
PRISONER  
(GULP) AN'  
MUST DO AS  
WE TELLS YO'  
TO!



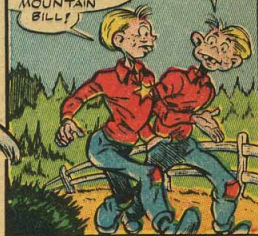
**W**HEN WE LAST  
LEFT THE APPLEJACK  
BOYS, THEY HAD  
BEEN GIVEN ONE  
WISH BY PAPPY! IT  
WAS "WE WANT  
50 DOLLARS TO  
VISIT NEW YORK!"  
PAPPY HAD TO  
THINK FAST SO --

IF YO' BOYS  
WANT THE '50  
REWARD, YO' WILL  
HAVE TO COLLEC'  
IT FROM WILD  
MOUNTAIN BILL,  
WHO OWES IT TO  
MAH PAPPY!



IF WE WANT  
TO GET TO NEW  
YORK, SLAPPY,  
WE'LL HAVE TO  
FIND WILD  
MOUNTAIN  
BILL!

THEN LET'S  
START  
LOOKIN'  
HAPPY!





H-HAPPY--  
AH GOT A  
FEELIN' WE  
IS BEIN'  
W-WATCHED!

DON'T GIT  
SKEERED! WE  
GOT THIS HERE  
REVENOOGERS  
BADGE (GULP)  
TO HELP US!



THEY IS  
REVENOOGERS!  
I KIN SEE TH'  
BADGE!

THEY'RE  
AWFULLY  
YOUNG--  
SHAME T'  
SHOOT  
'EM!

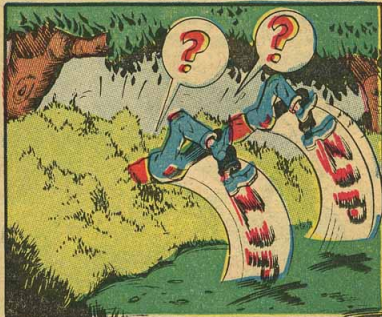
LET'S  
KETCH 'EM  
ALIVE!



HOW IS WE  
GONNA ASK  
WILD MOUNTAIN  
BILL FOR TH'  
MONEY?

DUNNO,  
SLAPPY-- WE'LL  
THINK O' SUM-  
THIN' WON'T  
YO'?

SHH!



?

?



GULP!  
DON'T YO'  
KNOW THARS  
A LAW AGIN  
KIDNAPPIN'!

--AN WE  
IS ONLY  
KIDS!  
(GULP)

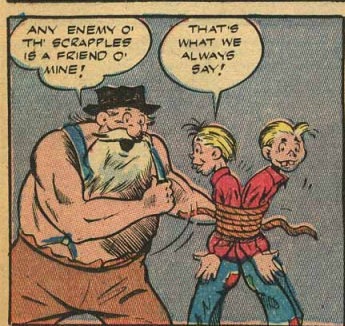


WE KETCHED  
TWO REVENOOGERS,  
PAPPY!

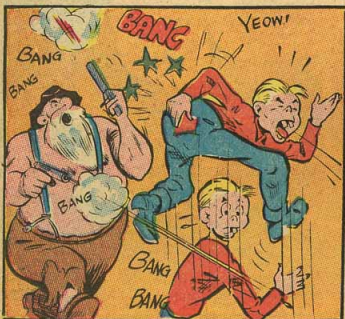
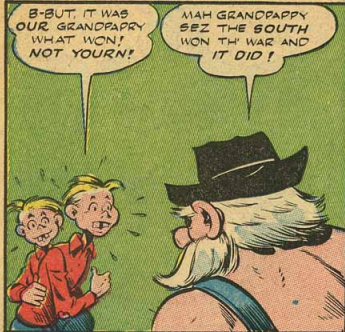
THEY'S  
TOO  
YOUNG  
T SHOOT!

THAT'S RIGHT!  
DON'T WASTE  
TH' AMMUNITION  
--HANG 'EM!









OPEN UP!  
IN THE NAME  
O' THE LAW!

KNOCK  
KNOCK

WHAR'S  
WILD MOUNTAIN  
BILL? WE CAME  
T' GIT HIM!

YO' IS TOO  
LATE! AH GOT  
HIM SINGLE-  
HANDED YO  
KIN SEE FER  
YOURSELVES!

YEP! THAT'S  
HIM ALL RIGHT!  
MUST'VE BEEN  
QUITE A FIGHT--  
WE HEARD TH'  
SHOOTIN'!

'TWARNT' NOTHIN'  
TO IT! I KIN  
MANAGE ALONE!  
SO YOU FELLERS  
KIN GET ALONG  
NOW!

OK., HAPPY--  
THEY'VE GONE--  
C'MON DOWN--  
MAH SHOULDERS  
IS BUSTIN'!

WELL, BOYS, AH OWES YO'  
SOMETHIN' FER SAVIN'  
MAH SKIN-- BUT THIS AIN'T  
BECAUSE YO' SEZ TH'  
NORTH WON TH' WAR!

FIFTY  
DOLLARS!  
NOW WE  
KIN SEE  
NOO  
YORKE!

NOO YORKE? AH'D  
LIKE TO GO THAR--  
KIN AH GO ALONG?

YO' SURE  
KIN-- WILD  
MOUNTAIN  
BILL-- LET'S  
GO!

**OH OH!**

THE TWINS WILL  
FIND MISCHIEF  
ENOUGH WITH-  
OUT TAKING  
WILD MOUNTAIN  
BILL ALONG!

DON'T MISS THE  
NEXT ISSUE OF

**ZIP** COMICS!

# GENIES DON'T KILL

by Maurice Howard

"SHE sat up all night with her husband's corpse," Sergeant Duffy explained. "An' this morning they found her dead."

"I'll take a look," Cone said.

The body of old Mrs. Livingston sat slumped in a chair beside the coffin—a thin little wisp of woman, almost lost in a billowing black taffeta dress. Her head dangled sidewise. Her eyes were closed, as though during this night-long, loving vigil beside her dead husband, she had fallen quietly into eternal sleep.

"So what killed her?" Sergeant Duffy said. "That's what we want to know, Mr. Cone. Doc Carter says her health was okay. People don't just die of a broken heart, you know."

"What her husband died of," Cone said, "might have something to do with it."

"He died of lobar pneumonia," the Sergeant retorted. "He might have pulled through at that, but he got cramps the last day or two."

"Cramps," Cone said, "are especially interesting."

Voices in the hall sounded behind them. "That's the relatives," Sergeant Duffy explained. "Two grandsons—they're cousins. An' a grand niece. An' there's the housekeeper. She discovered the old woman's body, about seven this morning. You want to question 'em?"

"I'll talk to them," Cone said.

But instead, he moved into the shrouded room, tall and silent, gazing down at the dead face in the coffin; and at the face of the dead woman in the chair where now a thin shaft of light from an edge of a window blind was striking to show that her bloodless lips were parted as though with a faint smile of contentment that she had gone to join her husband.

Strange detective who had no theories, few questions to ask, and who just seemed to stand staring, with the sides of his thin patrician nose dilating like the nostrils of an impatient, quivering race horse.

"The relatives," Sergeant Duffy prompted, "might be worth your attention, Mr. Cone. There's a sweet inheritance, what I hear. All share alike. An' the old housekeeper—she

gets ten grand or so for a legacy."

"I'll talk to them now," Cone said. "I wonder if they're interested in Hindu magic."

The relatives were all tense, exceedingly nervous, excited. Shocked by the tragedy, of course. Surely no one, appraising them now, could have selected one of them to be guilty of a double murder. The two grandsons seemed both under thirty; John Livingston—slim, handsome, with wavy tousled black hair and a face aristocratic, as his dead grandfather's—a face grim and strained now, with thin pale lips that tried to smile as he shook Cone's hand. And there was his cousin, Peter Rance—short and round and plump, with sparse pale hair plastered dankly on his beaded forehead.

The girl—Ann Livingston—was a little frightened brown dove, clinging to the hand of the middle-aged housekeeper who sat beside her. All of them were frightened, as the members of any household would be with mysterious tragedy suddenly striking; and with a bullying Police Sergeant obviously anxious to fasten murder upon them.

"Do we have to go all over it again?" the handsome John Livingston protested.

"Not with me," Cone said. "Sergeant Duffy is puzzled by the death of Mrs. Livingston."

"Why wouldn't I be?" Duffy demanded.

"You would," Cone agreed. "Hindu magic is very puzzling. No one can understand it."

The housekeeper—gaunt and dour—involuntarily shifted her chair with a rasp which was startling in the tense silence. She was gazing blankly at Cone. All of them blankly stared.

"What's that mean?" the fat little Peter Rance stammered. "Who said anything about Hindu magic?"

"I did," Cone said. "I've been up the Ganges. India is very interesting. Do you suppose old Mr. Livingston was interested in Oriental occultism by any chance?"

John Livingston said: "Yes, he was. Grandfather lived in India, years ago. As a matter of fact, he met grandmother in Benares. They were married there."

"Then she believed in Hindu magic also?"

"An' it frightened her," the housekeeper said with a sudden breathless burst.

"I've heard," Cone said, "that a djinn is generally a beneficent sort of fellow. Nobody should be afraid of a djinn."

There was no one smiling. They all looked as though they were shuddering.

"Well I don't get any of this," Sergeant Duffy declared.

"We're thinking," Cone said, "that a djinn—a genie you know—may have appeared miraculously to Mrs. Livingston, last night at her vigil over her dead husband."

"And frightened her to death?" Duffy demanded. "Now say, listen——"

"I wish we could summon him tonight," Cone said. "Maybe he was there and saw what happened, who knows? I wish we could summon him and make him tell us. Let's try it, shall we?"

"You'll have an autopsy on both bodies?" Cone suggested, when presently he and the Sergeant were again alone.

"Sure. But the devil of it, Doc Carter had to go to Albany. He'll be back tomorrow and perform the autopsies then."

"Arsenic is apt to give you cramps," Cone said.

Duffy nodded. "Doc an' I both thought of that. But the old woman——"

"Didn't die of cramps. Quite true, Sergeant. Let's see what the djinn says tonight—if we can summon him."

"Mr. Cone, listen," Duffy pleaded. "Are you kiddin' me?"

"I never was more serious," Cone said.

The big hall clock was chiming midnight. There were two occupied coffins now in the little room—coffins with candle-light flickering eerily on them, flickering on the two dead faces and on the drawn faces of the living who sat silently beside them.

Only Cone was on his feet, his tall lean figure painted by the candlelight which cast multiple shadows of him monstrously shifting on the walls as he moved. It was as though in the silent breathless little room, only he and his shadows were alive.

"I'll close the door," he said softly. "If we get that djinn out of his lair, no need to let him escape."

Cone was building a small charcoal fire in

the brazier now; and then from a desk in the room corner he came with brown-black sticks of incense.

"The Hindu legend as I've heard it," he was saying softly, "is that if you burn this over one who has died, the djinn imprisoned within it will come out. Did Mr. Livingston ever tell you that?"

No one answered. Then the handsome poetic-looking young John Livingston responded:

"Yes, something like that. Grandfather always said he wanted this incense burned in the brazier beside him when he had died."

"Because the djinn would come to soothe his troubled, departing spirit," Cone said.

"Mrs. Livingston promised to do it," the housekeeper said suddenly. "But it frightened her."

Redolent blue-black wisps of vapour were rising now from the big brazier as Cone ignited the incense, dropping a bundle of the little sticks on the charcoal fire.

"Come on djinn, let's have a look at you," Cone jibed. "Don't be afraid of us."

"This is crazy," young Livingston suddenly was muttering. "This is——"

His words were stricken away as a chair clattered. On his feet Peter Rance stood trembling, his rotund face suddenly ashen.

"I don't—like this," he gasped. And then he broke. "You fools—we've got to get out of here. We'll be dead, all of us! Get that door and window open—you idiots—don't you feel queer already?" He was staggering on his feet, wildly terrified, in a panic rushing for the door; but the bulky Sergeant Duffy shoved him back.

"You're ruining everything," Cone said.

"Am I? Am I? That—what you—you don't know—that's arsenic burning in that incense! The fumes of it—we'll be wafted off into death in another minute. Get us out of here, I tell you! Let me out—can't you feel your head reeling already?"

"That's terror and guilty imagination making you reel," Cone said. "That's your murderer, Sergeant. The fumes of burning arsenic are a nasty lethal dose in a small close room like this. He thinks I'm burning the incense he gave old Mrs. Livingston to burn last night."

Cone was faintly smiling now. "Fortunately, I'm not," he said.

# Ginger



WHAT'S THIS GINGER AND DOTTY IN A HAUNTED HOUSE! CONFIDENTIALLY, WE FEEL SORRY FOR THE SPOOKS!

GINGER SNAPP! WHAT IS THE THEME OF YOUR COMPOSITION?

IT'S ABOUT SUPERSTITION, MISS WHEELER! 'SPECIALLY ABOUT SILLY GHOST STORIES!



INTELLIGENT PEOPLE DON'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS!



AFTER CLASS..

SO YA DON'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS, HUH, GINGER?

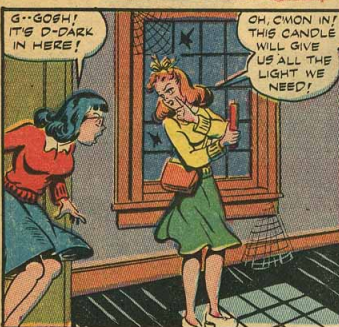
I MOST CERTAINLY DO NOT, FREDDIE FLAMM!



ALL RIGHT! PROVE IT! LESSEE YA GO INTO THE OLE HAUNTED HOUSE ON MILL ROAD TONIGHT!

ALL RIGHT, WE WILL, SMARTY PANTS! WON'T WE, DOT?

WE!



GINGER! I J--JUST REMEM-  
BERED A VERY IMPORTANT  
APPOINTMENT-- G'BYE!



SHAME ON YOU, DOTTY, DESERTING  
ME! YOUR BEST FRIEND! BESIDES I  
BET IT'S THAT FREDDIE UP THERE  
TRYING TO  
SCARE US!



Y--YOU  
REALLY  
THINK  
SO!

'COURSE! IN FACT I  
CAME PREPARED FOR ANY OF HIS  
TRICKS! GEE?



FIRE-  
CRACKERS!

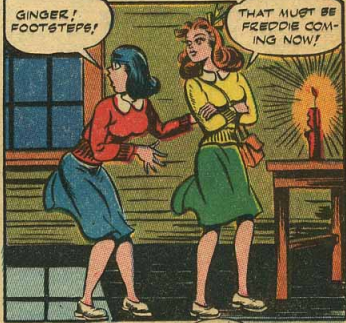
OKAY, FROGGIE!  
NOW WE'LL GET  
'EM HAVE IT!

YEAH! WE'LL  
SCARE 'EM SO  
THEY WON'T  
STOP RUNNIN'  
FER A WEEK!



GINGER!  
FOOTSTEPS!

THAT MUST BE  
FREDDIE COM-  
ING NOW!



EEEE  
EE--

SO! FREDDIE'S  
GOT ONE OF  
HIS PALE!

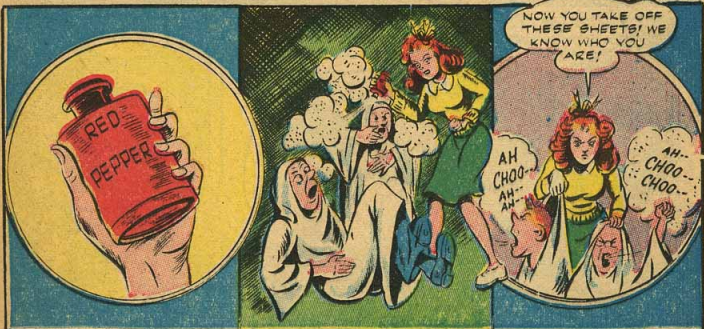
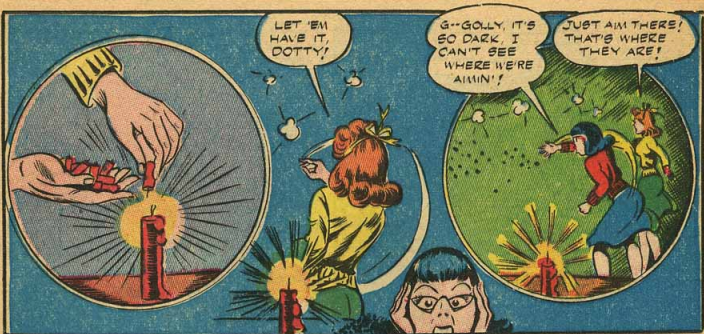
NOW WE'LL  
DO SOME  
SCARING OF  
OUR OWN!

SHOOT,  
DOTTY!

'JA HEAR  
THAT! THE  
KID'S GOT  
A GAT!

NAH!  
SHE'S  
BLUFFIN'!









GEE GOLLY!  
IT'S NOT  
FREDDIE  
AT ALL!

BUT--BU WHO ARE  
THEY, THEN? R--REAL  
GHOSTS!



LET'S PUSH 'EM DOWN  
THE CELLAR SO'S THEY  
WON'T FRIGHTEN US  
ANY MORE, GINGER!

GOOD IDEA, DOT!  
DOWN THEY  
GO!



DOT, COME TO  
THINK OF IT,  
THOSE MEN  
LOOKED, UH--  
AWFULLY  
TOUGH!

HUH--GEE  
THAT'S  
RIGHT!  
LIKE--LIKE  
CRIMINALS!



GINGER, I THINK  
WE'D BETTER  
CALL THE  
SHERIFF!

SO DO I!  
LET'S GO!



AT THAT MOMENT---

GOOD THING  
THERE WUZ  
A WINDER  
IN THAT  
CELLAR!

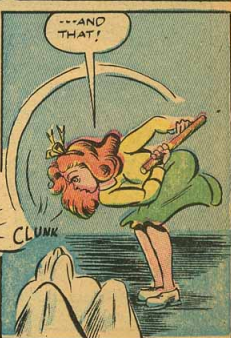
YEAH! NOW  
LET'S TAKE  
CARE OF  
DOSE BRATS!



DOT! LOOK! THERE  
GO THOSE GHOSTS  
AGAIN!



TRYIN' TO SNEAK AWAY, HUH!  
YOU DON'T SCARE ME ANY  
MORE! TAKE THAT--



---AND  
THAT!



HEY! THE NEIGHBORS COMPLAINED OF LOTS OF NOISES GOIN' ON AROUND HERE! WHAT ARE YOU KIDS UP TO!

SHERIFF--GEE ARE WE GLAD YOU'RE HERE!

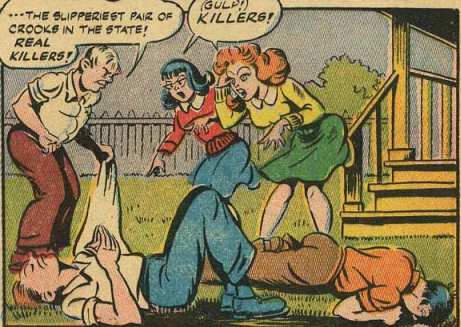


WE JUST CAUGHT A COUPLE OF GHOSTS!

GHOSTS! ARE YOU TRYIN' TO KID ME?



LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT THESE... ULP!--WOW, YOU SURE DID CATCH SOME GHOSTS, GIRLS! FROGGY AND MONK!



...THE SLIPPERIEST PAIR OF CROOKS IN THE STATE! REAL KILLERS!

(GULP!) KILLERS!



YES! THEY JUST ROB-BED A BANK! WON'DER WHERE THEY HID THE LOOT!

WELL--UH-- WE NOTICED SOME VALISES DOWN IN THE CELLAR, AND--



WOW! THAT'S IT, ALL RIGHT!



CONGRATULATIONS, GINGER! THIS IS ONE TIME YOU DID THIS TOWN A FAVOR, GETTING INTO TROUBLE!

# RED RUBE



YOUNG RUEBEN RUEBEN, A RUNAWAY ORPHAN, HAS BEEN ENDOVED BY HIS ANCESTRAL GHOST WITH THE GREATEST OF POWERS, CALLING BY MERELY "HEY RUBE" THESE FORCES BECOME HIS, WITH THESE POWERS HE HAS DEDICATED HIMSELF TO FIGHT FOR WHAT'S RIGHT IN THE WORLD!



OUR STORY BEGINS IN A SUBURB OF OUR CITY...



JOHN!  
JOHN!  
WHAT'S  
WRONG?

EMMY!  
CALL DR.  
BLATHERSKEE!

PLOP



LATER...

HEART FAILURE!  
DELIRIOUS...  
Tsk.. Tsk..

THE NEEDLE...  
THE NEEDLE...  
IN HAYSTACK...  
GASP...

OH...  
JOHN!



I'M AFRAID  
HE HASN'T  
MUCH LONGER  
TO LIVE!

JOHN!  
DON'T LEAVE  
ME! (BOO, HOO)

GASP!  
GASP!!



THE NEEDLE...  
IN THE HAYSTACK...  
NEED...  
AAAAGGHHH!  
(SIGH...)



OH, JOHN...  
HE WAS SUCH  
A BRILLIANT  
DOCTOR!  
(BOO, HOO)

HE'S GONE,  
MRS. HUNTER!  
DELIRIOUS TO  
THE END!

THE NEXT DAY AT THE DAILY SUN, WHERE RUBEEN HAS GOTTEN A JOB AS CUB REPORTER.



BAH! WHAT A MISERABLE STORY!

HERE'S SOMETHING CHIEF, JUST CAME IN....



HMM...  
HMM...



WHAT? YOU CALL THIS NEWS? A DOCTOR DIES IN SOME ONE HORSE TOWN... AND YOU CALL THAT NEWS !!



YOU'VE BEEN BOTHERING ME, TO SEND YOU OUT ON A STORY, HAVEN'T YOU, RUBE?



OKAY! A GOOD NEWSPAPER-MAN **MAKES** NEWS. SO YOU GO DOWN TO THAT DOCTOR'S HOUSE AN' SEE WHAT KIND OF STORY YOU CAN MAKE OUTA THAT!

WOW!



BOY OH BOY! I'LL SCOOP THE ENTIRE STAFF!



HE'LL PROBABLY COME BACK WITH **NOTHING!** THESE CUB REPORTERS ARE ALWAYS AFTER SCOOPS!!  
HEH! HEH!

AN HOUR LATER...

AH! WHAT A DAY.. SMELL THAT AIR..



A SIGN.. WONDER WHAT IT SAYS!



**COUNTY FAIR**

MAIN FEATURE WILL BE A PROVERB CONTEST.. THE BEST PROVERB WILL WIN A PRIZE HEIFER COW!!

COME ONE!      COME ALL!

MUST BE LOTS OF FUN! BUT I'VE GOT WORK TO DO!



AT THE DEAD DOCTOR'S HOME...

NO ONE SEEMS TO BE IN!



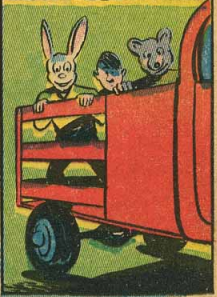
MAY AS WELL RELAX, TILL MRS. HUNTER COMES! THERE'S A SOFT HAY STACK!



Ho..Hum! THIS IS THE LIFE FOR ME!



SUDDENLY THE COUNTRY QUIET IS BROKEN BY A WEIRD PARADE...



HOLY COW!  
WHAT'S  
THAT??



HELLO, SON!  
YOU KNOW A  
ROLLING STONE  
GATHERS NO  
MOSS!!



ALSO... HUMPTY  
DUMPTY HAD A  
GREAT... OOFF!



EXCUSE ME!  
I'M LOOKING  
FOR THE  
NEEDLE IN  
THE HAYSTACK!

I GET IT! IT'S  
SOME CRAZY  
ADVERTISEMENT  
FOR THAT COUNTY  
FAIR!



IT CERTAINLY  
IS THE WACKIEST  
STUNT I'VE  
EVER SEEN!



OW!!  
I'VE BEEN  
STUCK BY  
A NEEDLE!



THE KID'S  
FOUND THE  
NEEDLE!

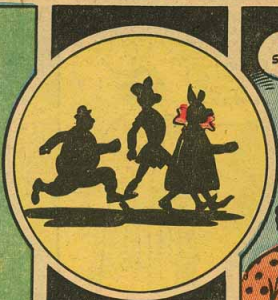
DON'T LET  
HIM GET  
AWAY!!

HEY!  
WHAT'S ALL  
THE SHOOTIN'  
ABOUT??









ONCE OUTSIDE...

IT'S TIME FOR  
RED RUBE TO  
GET INTO ACTION!  
**HEY RUBE!**



WITH THIS MAGIC  
CALL, LITTLE RUBE'S  
ANCESTORS SWIRL  
OUT OF SPACE INTO  
HIS BODY...



...AND THE MIGHTY RED RUBE  
STANDS FORTH...



WHO ARE  
YOU?

LET ME INTRODUCE  
MYSELF, *FORMALLY!*



**OUGH!**

WHY  
DON'T  
YOU  
QUIT  
HORSIN'  
AROUND!



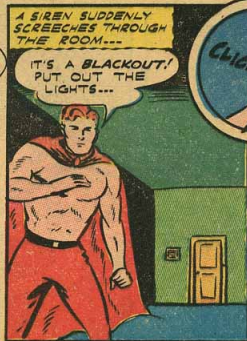
MIND IF I  
PUMP YOU, PAL?  
WHAT'S THIS  
ALL ABOUT?



**UMFF!**

TOO TIRED TO  
TALK? WELL,  
THANKS FOR  
THE DRINK  
ANYWAY!!





IT'S THE RADIUM NEEDLE THAT YOUR HUSBAND HID IN THE HAYSTACK! IT MUST HAVE GOT STUCK IN MY SHOE WHEN I WAS ER... FIGHTING!



THIS IS THE FORTUNE DR. HUNTER KEPT FOR YOU! NOW, YOU WON'T HAVE TO TAKE IN WASH!!

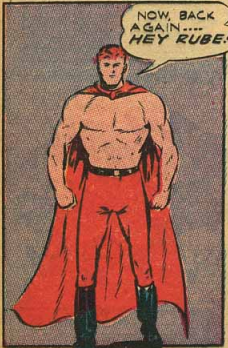


LATER... WE'LL HAVE TO BE GOING NOW! THE POLICE WILL BE HERE ANY MINUTE!

THANKS FOR ALL YOU'VE DONE, AND IF YOU SEE THAT NICE BOY, GIVE HIM THESE COOKIES!



NOW, BACK AGAIN... HEY RUBE!



THE MAGIC CALL BRINGS RUEBEN RUEBEN BACK TO HIS FORMER BODY...



GEEZ! I'VE GOT TO HURRY AND BRING IN MY STORY!



NEXT DAY...

IN THE NAME OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS, WE'LL GIVE YOU A RAISE IN PAY!

CONGRATULATIONS M'BOY! YOU CERTAINLY SCOOPED EVERYBODY ON THAT RED RUBE STORY!

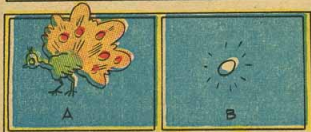
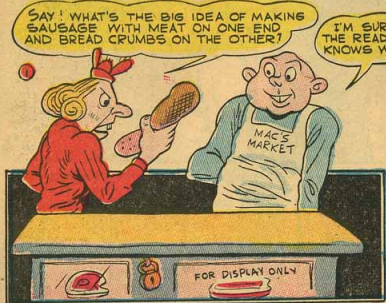


THAT KID! GRR... HE GETS IN MY HAIR!!



# ZIPSY DOODLES

AFTER PICKING A FLOCK OF WRONG ANSWERS--LOOK AT THE BOTTOM FOR ANSWERS--DON'T CHEAT!!!



3 IF A PEACOCK BELONGS IN YARD "A" AND GOES INTO YARD "B" TO LAY AN EGG -- WHO OWNS THE EGG--THE MAN WHO OWNS THE PEACOCK AND "YARD "A"--OR THE MAN WHO OWNS "YARD" "B" WHERE THE EGG WAS LAID ?



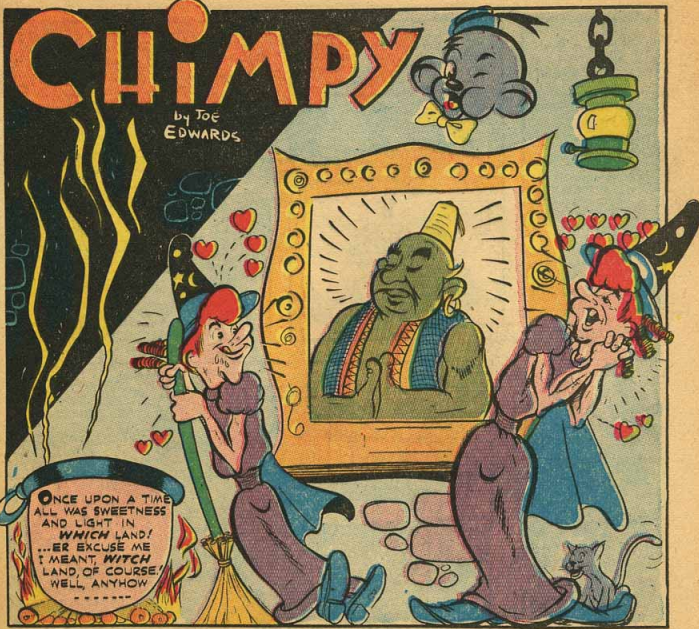
WHAT TWO LETTERS IN THE ENGLISH ALPHABET FOLLOW EACH OTHER TO FORM A WORD ?



IT IS VERY HARD TO MAKE BOTH ENDS MEAT THESE DAYS 2 CATS CARRY TAILS 3 PEACOCKS DON'T LAY EGGS PEACHES DO 4 "ND" 8 WE COUNT 20...

# Chimpy

by JOE EDWARDS



ONCE UPON A TIME ALL WAS SWEETNESS AND LIGHT IN WHICH LAND! ...ER EXCUSE ME I MEANT, WITCH LAND, OF COURSE, WELL, ANYHOW

IN THIS QUIET LITTLE VALLEY, AMONG THE CHIRPING BIRDS, AND SCENTED FLOWERS, DWELT, THE TWO WITCH SISTERS, ITCHY, AND TWITCHY!!

WHAT LOVING SISTERS THEY WERE!! WHY, THERE JUST *WASN'T* ANYTHING THEY WOULDN'T DO FOR EACH OTHER!



YOU TAKE THE GOLD-PLATED BROOM TONIGHT, ITCHY, DEAR!!

OH, NO, TWITCHY!! I SIMPLY COULDN'T!!... YOU TAKE IT!!



ALL RIGHT, DEAR, YOU TAKE MY POLKA DOTTED WITCH'S CAP!



OOH... YOU DARLING!! YOU'RE SOOOO... SWEET!!!

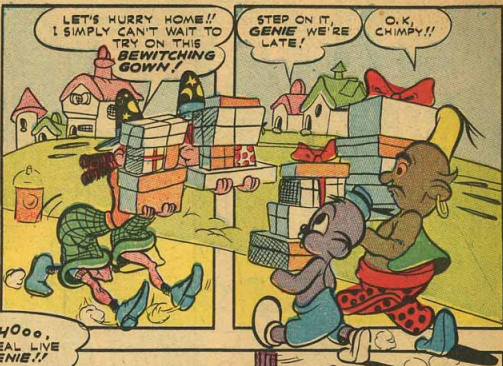
.. BUT ONE DAY,  
INTO THIS  
PEACEFUL VALLEY  
STALKED  
THE GREEN  
EYED MONSTER..

ITCHY  
AND  
TWITCHY  
WERE DOING  
A LITTLE  
SPRING  
SHOPPING,  
WHEN OUT  
OF THE BLUE  
SKY.....

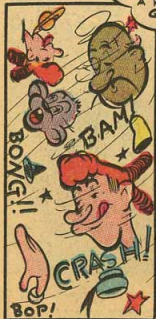
LET'S HURRY HOME!!  
I SIMPLY CAN'T WAIT TO  
TRY ON THIS  
BEWITCHING  
GOWN!

STEP ON IT,  
GENIE WE'RE  
LATE!

O.K., CHIMPY!!



WAHOOO,  
A REAL LIVE  
GENIE!!

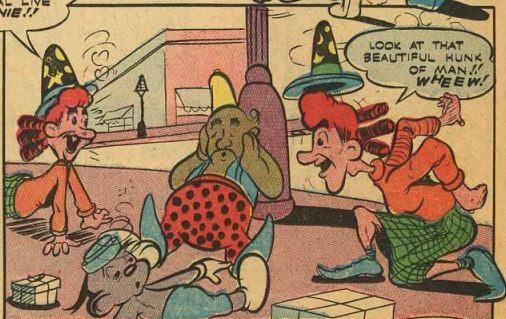


BONG!!  
BAM!!  
BONG!!

CRASH!!

BOP!

NOW LET GO ITCHY  
DEAR! I SAW HIM  
FIRST!!



LOOK AT THAT  
BEAUTIFUL HUNK  
OF MAN!!  
WHEEW!!

HELP!

OH NO  
TWITCHY  
DARLING, I  
SAW HIM  
FIRST!!

HE'S  
MINE!  
HE'S  
MORE MY  
TYPE!

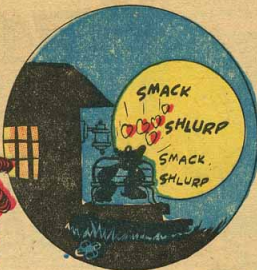
HE IS  
NOT!

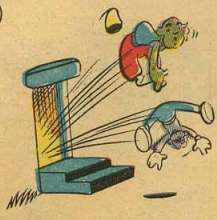
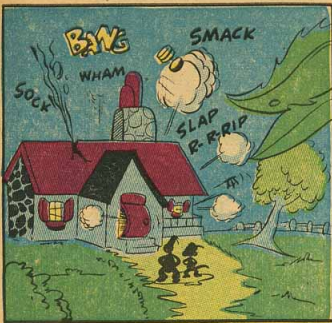
QUICK!  
LET'S GET  
OUT OF  
HERE BLT  
FAST!

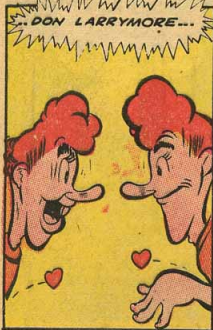
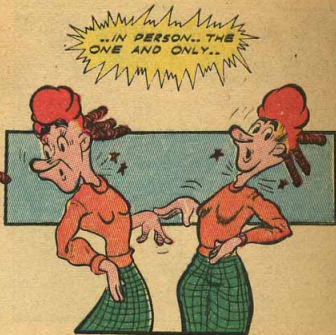
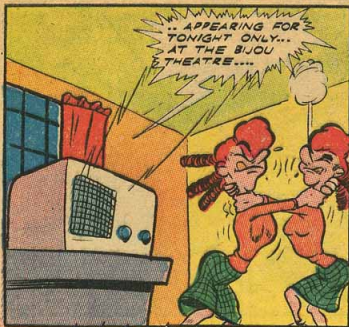










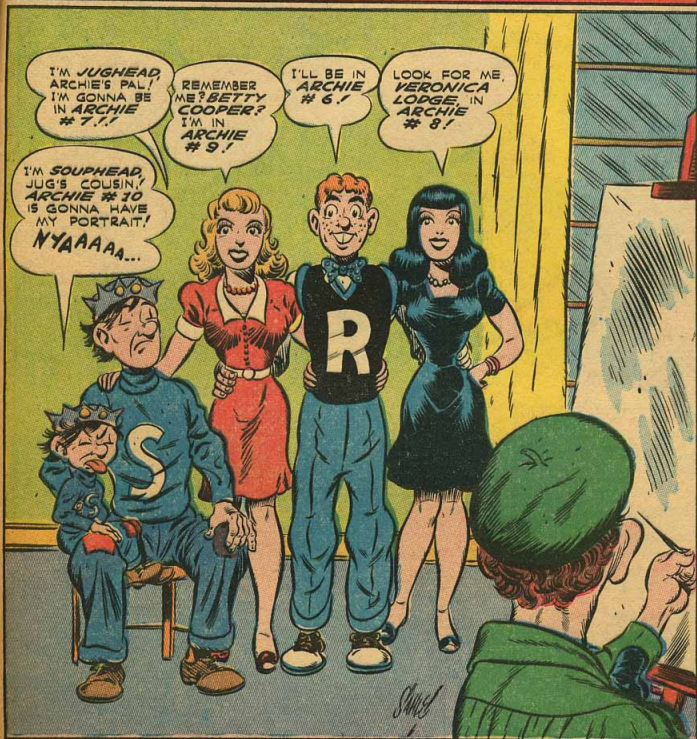


... AND SOOOO ... AS WE LEAVE THE LITTLE VALLEY, ALL IS AGAIN CALM AND SERENE!

... BUT KNOWING GENIE AS WE DO, WE'RE SURE THINGS WON'T STAY THAT WAY VERY LONG! SO, IF YOU DON'T WANT TO MISS THE FUN, YOU'D BETTER BE RIGHT HERE NEXT ISSUE!!

# GREAT NEWS

**STARTING IN ARCHIE COMICS #6, THE ARTIST WILL DRAW PAGE-SIZED, FULL-COLORED AUTOGRAPHED, PORTRAITS OF ARCHIE AND HIS GANG! THESE PORTRAITS ARE SUITABLE FOR FRAMING! EVERY ISSUE OF ARCHIE COMICS WILL CONTAIN ONE OF THESE PORTRAITS!!**



**DON'T FORGET TO TUNE IN ON THE ADVENTURES OF ARCHIE ANDREWS ON YOUR RADIO! ARCHIE APPEARS EVERY DAY, MONDAY TO FRIDAY, OVER W.J.Z. AND THE BLUE NETWORK! CONSULT YOUR LOCAL NEWSPAPER FOR THE TIME! AND REMEMBER, ARCHIE WANTS TO HEAR FROM YOU! ADDRESS YOUR LETTER OR POSTCARD TO, ARCHIE ANDREWS, CARE OF, STATION W.J.Z. NEW YORK CITY! DO IT NOW! HE'LL BE HAPPY TO HEAR FROM YOU!!!!**

# WILBUR

LOOK, PRINCIPAL PIMPLEROD! ALMOST COMPLETELY DISAPPEARED! MY EXPERIMENT IS A SUCCESS!

FINE! NOW, IF ONLY YOU KNEW HOW TO MAKE YOURSELF DISAPPEAR, WILBUR.

SEE THAT BADGE ON WILBUR'S ARM? WELL, ORDINARILY IT WOULD MEAN THAT THE ONE WHO'S WEARING IT IS AN AIR-RAID WARDEN! BUT WITH WILBUR, IT MEANS TROUBLE!

Betty Hershley

WILBUR! DO YOU KNOW TODAY'S EXPERIMENT IN OUR CHEM CLASS?

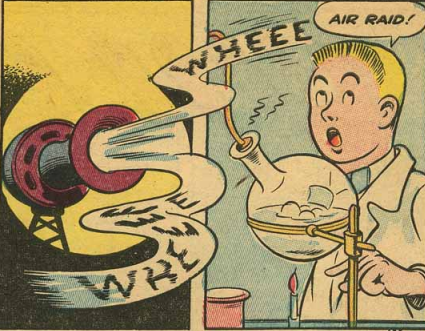
IT'S A GINCH, DOTTY!

BOY! IF THERE'S ONE THING I'M GOOD AT, IT'S CHEMISTRY!!

'BYE WILBUR! BETTER GET OVER TO MY LAB TABLE!

S'LONG, DOT!

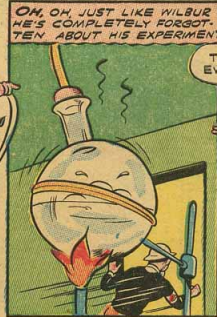
I'M GONNA CONDUCT A LITTLE EXPERIMENT OF MY OWN! GOTTA BE CAREFUL THOUGH! THIS IS TRICKY STUFF, AND...



AIR RAID!



WOW! I'M AN AIR RAID WARDEN! I BETTER GET TO MY POST!



OH, OH, JUST LIKE WILBUR HE'S COMPLETELY FORGOTTEN ABOUT HIS EXPERIMENT...



TAKE COVER EVERYBODY!



AIR RAID! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!



WHAT ON EARTH IS THAT INTERNAL DIN?



BANG!



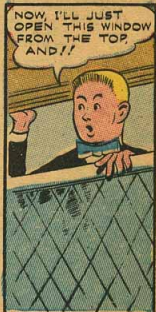
TEST. RAID? GEE, PRINCIPAL PIMPLEROD! I... I THOUGHT IT WAS THE REAL THING!

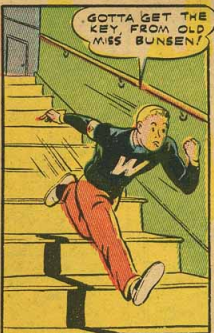
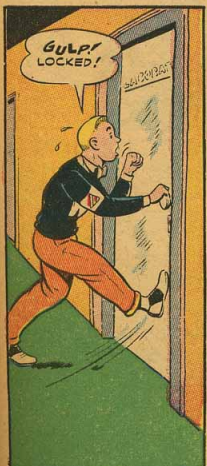
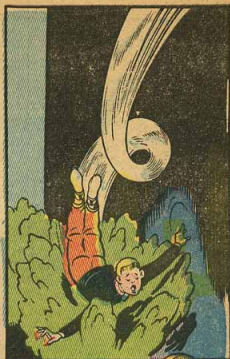


HELLO, WILBUR, HOW'S YOUR EXPERIMENT?



ONE SIDE EVERYBODY!







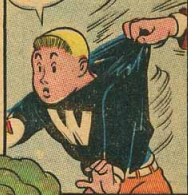
WILBUR!  
WHAT...  
WHAT...

DON'T ASK QUESTIONS,  
NOW, MISS BUNSEN!!  
JUST GIVE ME THE  
KEYS TO THE LAB!  
IT'S A MATTER OF  
LIFE OR  
DEATH!

(PUFF)  
NOTHING'S  
HAPPENED  
SO FAR!  
(PUFF) BUT...

GOT YOU, THIS TIME!

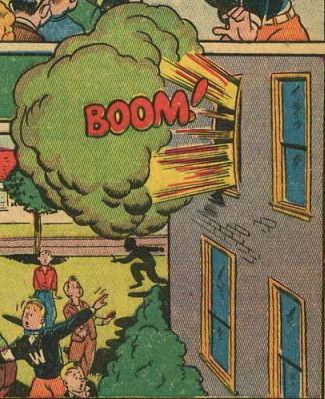
ULP!



PLEASE, MR. DIMPLEROD!  
I GOTTA  
GO! I GOTTA  
GOTTA!

YOU'LL STAND STILL,  
YOUNG MAN...  
AND DO SOME  
EXPLAINING!

NOW WHAT'S  
THE MEANING OF  
ALL THIS RUSHING  
AROUND? YOU  
ACT AS THOUGH  
YOU EXPECT  
THE PLACE TO  
BLOW UP  
UNDER YOUR...  
WHA----



FIRE, POLICE,  
MURDER! RUN  
FOR YOUR LIVES  
EVERYBODY!



(COUGH) THE SMOKE IS  
BECOMING THICKER! (GASP)  
THE WHOLE SCHOOL  
(COUGH) WILL BE  
AN INFERNNO!



# HELP UNCLE SAM

—make official  
PLANE models

SOME KNIFE!  
AND THE  
BLADES ARE  
SO EASY TO  
RENEW, TOO!

OH, SURE —  
IN ABOUT A  
SECOND; 8  
BLADES, TOO  
— ONE FOR  
EACH JOB!

HERE'S THE PAY-  
OFF — A BIG, DETAILED  
INSTRUCTION BOOK —  
FREE!

GEE! I WANT  
TO MAKE MANY  
MODELS, TOO!  
I'LL ASK DAD  
FOR A SET!

SURE SON,  
HERE'S THE  
MONEY.  
YOU'D STRIKE  
UNCLE SAM  
RIGHT NOW!

OO, GEE,  
DAD —  
THANKS A  
MILLION!

BOY, WHAT A  
PLANE! HOW'D  
YU MAKE IT?

CINCH! I USED  
AN X-ACTO  
SET — FOR  
SPEED AND  
ACCURACY!

# X-acto

knives change  
amateurs into expert  
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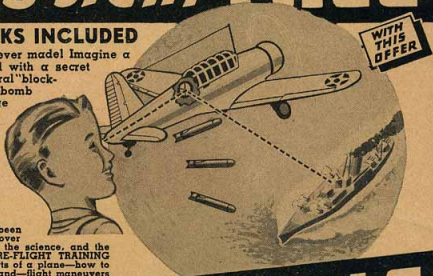
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# How to Make YOUR Body Bring You **FAME**

... Instead of **SHAME!**

Will You Let Me  
Prove I Can Make You  
a New Man?

ARE YOU  
Skinny?  
Weak?  
Flabby?

I KNOW what it means to have the kind of body that people pity! Of course, you wouldn't know it to look at me now, but I was once a skinny weakling who weighed only 97 lbs.! I was ashamed to strip for sports or undress for a swim. I was such a poor specimen of physical development that I was constantly self-conscious and embarrassed. And I felt only HALF-ALIVE.

But later I discovered the secret that turned me into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." And now I'd like to prove to you that the same system can make a NEW MAN of YOU!

## What "Dynamic Tension" Will Do For You

I don't care how old or young you are or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add SOLID MUSCLE to your biceps—yes, on each arm—in double-quick time! Only 15 minutes a day—right in your own home—is all the time I ask of you! And there's no cost if I fail.

I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back, develop your whole muscular system INSIDE and OUTSIDE! I can add inches to your chest, give you a vise-like grip, make those legs of yours lithe and powerful. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling! Before I get through with you I'll have your whole frame "measured" to a nice new, beautiful suit of muscle!

## Only 15 Minutes A Day

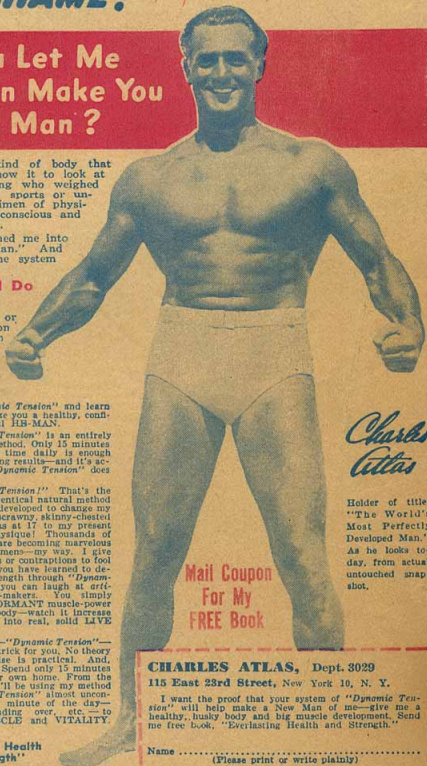
No "ifs," "ands" or "maybes." Just tell me where you want handsome, powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and raw? Are you short-winded, peepish? Do you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, best jobs, etc.? Then write for details

about "Dynamic Tension" and learn how I can make you a healthy, confident, powerful **HE-MAN**.

"Dynamic Tension" is an entirely NATURAL method. Only 15 minutes of your spare time daily is enough to show amazing results—and it's actually fun. "Dynamic Tension" does the work.

"Dynamic Tension!" That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny, skinny-chested weakling I was at 17 to my present super-man physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. When you have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension," you can laugh at artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the DORMANT muscle-power in your own body—watch it increase and multiply into real, solid LIVE MUSCLE.

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